

**"TO THE JEDGMIN'T DAY."**

When things went wrong, grandfather—  
he'd say:  
"Well, the world rolls on to the Jedgmin't  
Day."  
An' what should we sigh fer—an' why  
should we care?  
The reckonin's comin' sometime—some-  
where!  
Bear with the winter, an' dream of the  
May:  
The world rolls on to the Jedgmin't Day!"

When things went wrong, an' we knelt in  
dust  
To thank the Lord for the poorest crust,  
An' the old-time friends that we thought  
we knowed  
Had left us friendless along life's road,  
It was always nothin' but this to say:  
"The world rolls on to the Jedgmin't  
Day!"

So we stifled the sigh, an' tried for the  
ROSE.  
Knowin' God made the right, an' would  
reckon the wrong;  
An' trouble seemed lighter, an' even the  
night  
Had stars never dreamed of to make it  
bright.  
We can bear, we can suffer along the  
world's way,  
For "The world rolls on to the Jedgmin't  
Day!"

—P. L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

**AT NO. 54.**

"COME up to No. 54, Ellis street,"  
James had written to me, "or  
wire us by what train to expect you,  
and we will meet you."

James and Clara were settled at  
last, and I was expected to look  
them up. So in due time I got out of  
the train, and looked round vainly for  
James. How like the indifference of  
a brother that was! Trust a brother  
for failing to meet you. For a minute  
or two I thought of going to an hotel,  
and giving him the slip altogether.  
It would serve him right.

I flung my bag into an open cab,  
and flung myself after it.

"No. 54 Ellis street," I said sulkily  
to the driver. And in a moment the  
cab was jolting over the wretched  
cobblestones.

The rain was falling hard when  
the wheels finally grated against the  
curbstone, and the driver opened the  
door for me, and announced:  
"Here you are, sir—No. 54!"

I saw the figures painted on the  
door, so I paid the driver, let him  
go, and rang the bell.

After a while I rang the bell again,  
and yet again, with no result. Then  
it occurred to me how strange it was  
that there was no light in the house,  
when they must have been expecting  
me, too.

Another turn at the bell. This  
time there was some response. A  
woman, evidently a servant, came  
along the garden at the side of the  
adjoining house, and said:  
"There ain't nobody at home.  
They've gone to the opery. And it's  
the servant's night out."

Then she went back.

The rain was pouring. Judging  
by the distance I had come, I must  
be miles from an hotel. I must  
make a run for some shelter part  
of the house, and try to get into a  
drier place.

My run brought me to a little ver-  
anda at the side of the house, and  
there was another door.

I was seized with an inspiration. I  
took my home latchkey out of my  
pocket, and tried it in the lock. It  
fitted!

I opened the door and walked in,  
and sat my bag down with a sigh of  
relief.

"Aha! James, my boy, you might  
have known your brother better than  
to try to lock him out!" I said plea-  
santly to myself. And then I struck  
a match which the wind blew out.

After I had spent several minutes  
striking more matches, I finally lit a  
tall lamp, and at the same moment  
set fire to the shade. I extinguished  
the fire by putting the shade on the  
floor and stamping on it repeatedly.  
Then I left it where it had fallen. It  
would teach Clara a lesson, for a  
great frilled affair on a lamp is al-  
ways exceedingly dangerous.

The high-pitched barking of a dog  
began to annoy me, and I went in  
search of it, lighting another lamp or  
two on the way. I passed through  
the hall, and into a bedroom on the  
other side, and there was the dog,  
a wretched little pug.

I have always been a man of ex-  
pedients. I chased the pug into a cup-  
board, and, after a brief, violent gym-  
nastic exercise, succeeded in turning  
a waste-basket over the little beast,  
and then weighted the basket down  
with a large lump of coal.

I shut the barking and howling lit-  
tle brute in the cupboard.

There was a neat little dress-  
ing-room adjoining. I peeped into it,  
and found several suits of James' clothes  
hanging along the wall. For the  
first time I remembered that my own  
clothes were damp, and I hastened  
to do just what James would have  
insisted on if he had been there—  
I put on some dry clothes.

After that I wandered into the din-  
ing room, and was charmed to ob-  
serve that the materials for a post-  
opera supper had been thoughtfully  
set on the table, and that there were  
plates for three. Aha! So they were  
expecting me, then. But as I was  
revengeful I decided to eat my share  
now, and not wait. Happy thought!  
I ate a very generous meal.

Then I went back to the bedroom,  
lighted one of James' cigars, stretched  
myself out in an easy-chair, with my  
feet to the grate, where a warm fire  
yet glowed, and smoked and dreamed.

I was not aroused until an agitated  
hand was trying to insert a key into  
the lock of the front door. I smiled  
at the surprise I was going to give  
James and Clara. Just then the hall  
door opened.

"Thunder!" remarked a voice. "I  
thought we turned all the lights out!"  
I dropped back into the chair. The  
voice did not belong to James! I had  
never heard it before!

A wild panorama of things flashed  
before me. I dashed through a door  
in front of me, locked it, and found  
myself in another bedroom, and there  
I was in a cul-de-sac. The only door  
of exit led into the hall. I paused,  
and listened in agony.

"Oh, my poor darling little Fido!"  
screamed the feminine voice, as the  
dog was discovered. "What an awful  
rueful monster he must have been!"

"Well, at least, Lillian, he didn't  
hurt the dog," said another feminine  
voice, with a ripple of laughter in it.  
"I think he deserves a good deal  
of sympathy for that, don't you,  
Will?"

I heard references to the police, and  
the jingling of an excited telephone  
bell, followed by calls for three or  
four men to be sent up from the sta-  
tion.

In that single moment I spent a  
whole long night locked up with the  
"drunks and disorderlies," and pic-  
tured James coming down in the  
morning and calling me a fool, while  
he was making arrangements for my  
release.

Never! I would die first! And I  
clutched at the collar of Will's suit,  
and beat my brow with my fist, and  
groaned.

I heard the procession come along  
the hall, and I knew what awaited  
them in the dining-room. I opened  
the door the merest crack, and peeped  
out. The hall was clear. Now was  
my time.

With my best run I sped along the  
hall, and to the room into which I had  
first broken.

It was done. I was inside, and the  
door was shut behind me. And then  
I fell up against the door and gasped.  
I had missed the direction! There  
was only one other way in which I  
could make a confounded fool of my-  
self that night, and now I had done  
that. This was not the drawing-room  
at all, but a snowy bedroom, with a  
young lady standing in the middle of  
it, looking affrighted at me!

She continued to look at me for  
some time. After a while she said:  
"Is there anything more you would  
like to have? If you can think of  
anything, please don't hesitate to ask  
for it; but be quick, for the police  
will be here soon."

"I do beg you to believe that this  
is all an unfortunate mistake," I said.  
"Will you believe me, on my honor  
as a gentleman, when I tell you that  
I will explain it all some day, and  
that, if you will help me to escape  
from this painful predicament, you  
will be glad when you know the  
truth?"

We heard Will and his wife in loud  
discussion of the coolness of the  
burglar, while Will's wife cried hyster-  
ically:

"Where is Belle? I do wish she  
would stay with us! We are all going  
to be murdered before the police get  
here!"

The young lady pushed past me, and  
opened the door a little.

"Don't worry about me Lillian,"  
she called brightly. "I don't care to  
see the police, so I shall shut myself  
in."

Then she closed and locked the  
door, and turned to me again.

"I have almost told a lie for you,"  
she whispered coldly. "Worse than  
that, I am going to help you out of  
my window. Once outside, you will  
have to take your chance."

I bowed my thanks, and was moving  
towards the window, when I remem-  
bered the bag and all it contained to  
identify me with the wearer of Will's  
suit. I told her about it and she  
smiled, and slipped out of the room  
by another door. Presently she came  
with the bag, and there was a gleam  
in her eyes as I profusely thanked her  
once more.

"We are under many obligations to  
you for not having set fire to the  
house," she said demurely.

We heard the heavy feet of the offi-  
cers at the door, and their ring at  
the bell, and then the young lady  
softly raised the window.

I sprang lightly to the ground. Her  
hand was lying on the window-sill,  
and I leaned over and kissed it.

The window closed with emphasis.  
I walked, bag in hand, to the parve-  
ment, and then I started up the  
street. At the further end of it I  
plunged into the arms of a man who  
was coming out of a cottage.

"Hang it! What are you racing  
about the streets like that for?" he  
roared. Then he flung himself at me,  
and almost shook my arm off, shout-  
ing, with a grin of delight: "Dave,  
you young rascal, where have you  
been?"

I dropped my bag, and sat down  
upon it.

"James," I said sternly, "where do  
you live?"

"Why, here, at No. 34," he said  
cheerily. "Where have you been all  
this time? We went to the station  
to meet you, but were too late, and  
so we came back home, and have been  
waiting for you ever since, and aw-  
fully uneasy."

I had been feeling in my pocket  
for his letter, and now I spread it out  
before him, under the light of the  
hall lamp.

"James," I said severely, "what  
number is that?"

"Why, that is No. 34," he said, with  
conviction. "Can't you read writing?"

"Do you call that 34?" I demanded,  
with spirit.

"Great Scott! Dave," he replied,  
there it is as plain as a pikestaff—3  
and 4. Can anything be plainer than  
that?"

"And who lives at 54?" I asked in  
despair.

"Oh, that William Thompson; par-  
ticular friend of mine; splendid fel-  
low, too, and has a nice family. And,  
by the way, I was telling them about  
you this morning. They've read your  
stories, and are anxious to meet you.  
But why,"

"James," I said bitterly, "I wish  
you'd go to school and learn to write  
plainly."

The next time I entered the Thomp-  
son house I went in by the front door,  
and James and Clara were with me.  
I had returned Mr. Thompson's suit  
in an anonymous package, and had a  
vague hope that this was the end of  
it, and perhaps the young lady would  
not recognize me, as the light had  
been dim in the room. I had betrayed  
no secrets to James; far from it.

The lovely face of Miss Belle  
Thompson gave no sign of recogni-  
tion. This was better than I expected.  
A warm glow went over me as I  
thought of it. Perhaps they would  
never know, after all.

But when I asked Miss Belle to sing,  
and followed her to the piano, my  
eyes fell upon a curious object hung  
up in a little nook. It was a half-  
burned lamp-shade!

She was looking at me, and her eyes  
were brimming with laughter.

"That is a relic," she said. "We  
keep it to remind us of a terrible man  
who invaded our house—"

She was turning over the music,  
and I was between her and the group  
at the other end of the room.

"And you told the terrible man,"  
I retorted, "to ask for anything in  
the house he might want, if he hadn't  
already taken it. Well, there is some-  
thing in the house the terrible man  
wants, and some of these days he is  
coming back to ask for it."

"And what can it be? How I  
hope it is Fido!" replied Miss Belle  
Thompson.

Will and James have behaved well,  
all things considered; though when  
either of them breaks into Homeric  
laughter when there is nothing to  
laugh at I know what he is thinking  
of. As for Miss Thompson, she knew  
as well as she knows now that it was  
not Fido I was going to ask for—  
London Answers.

**BONE FOOD**

Soft and crooked bones mean  
bad feeding. Call the disease  
rickets if you want to. The  
growing child must eat the  
right food for growth. Bones  
must have blood food, blood  
must have food food and on  
through the list.

Scott's Emulsion is the right  
treatment for soft bones in  
children. Little doses every day  
give the stiffness and shape  
that healthy bones should have.

Bow legs become straighter,  
loose joints grow stronger and  
firmness comes to the soft  
heads.

Wrong food caused the  
trouble. Right food will cure it.  
In thousands of cases Scott's  
Emulsion has proven to be the  
right food for soft bones in  
childhood.

Send for free sample.  
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists,  
409-415 Pearl Street, New York.  
5c. and 10c. all druggists.

**By Medical Advice.**  
Brooks came to the office the other  
morning with a cigar ten inches long  
and thick in proportion in his mouth.  
"For the love of heaven, old boy,"  
said Rivers, "what are you smoking  
such a thing as that for?"

"I'm doing it," responded Brooks,  
"by the advice of my doctor. He or-  
dered me to smoke just one cigar a  
day, and I never disobey the doctor.  
I have a hundred of this size made to  
order and I use one every day—but it  
keeps me pretty busy."—Chicago  
Tribune.

**The Wrong Expression.**  
The policeman heard high words and  
poked his head in the door.  
"What's goin' on here?" he deman-  
ded.

"Nawthin'! Nawthin' at all!" an-  
swered one of the belligerent Irish-  
men in the middle of the floor. "There's  
nawthin' goin' on, but there's a fight  
comin' off in less than a minute, if ye'll  
only keep movin'."—Chicago Post.

**Apology Needed.**  
"That," said Scribble, as he fin-  
ished reading his manuscript, "is the  
story as far as I've got. I was think-  
ing of winding it up with the hero-  
ine's letter accepting the hero."

"Good idea!" exclaimed the critic;  
"that'll give you a chance to con-  
clude the whole thing with 'please  
excuse bad writing.'"—Philadelphia  
Press.

**Small But Flourishing.**  
Papa—You were up last night,  
daughter?  
Daughter—Yes, papa; our Fresh-  
Air club met on the piazza.  
Papa—Who belongs to your Fresh-  
Air club?  
Daughter (slowly and somewhat  
reluctantly)—Well—Jack—and—and  
—me.—Detroit Free Press.

**Logical.**  
Bridget—Oi can't stay, ma'am, on-  
less ye give me more wages.  
Mrs. Hiram Often—What! why, you  
don't know how to cook or do house-  
work at all.  
Bridget—That's just it, ma'am, an'  
not knowin' how, sure the wurk is all  
the harder for me, ma'am.—Philadel-  
phia Press.

**She Knew Better.**  
Madeline—He doesn't pay the slight-  
est attention to his wife's wishes.  
Edna—But she doesn't mind. She  
does just as she pleases.  
Madeline—Even so, you can't tell me  
that any woman would be satisfied with  
such an arrangement as that.—Brook-  
lyn Life.

**A Natural Qualification.**  
"What is your city noted for?"  
"Well, we have the tallest building  
in the country, the cleanest streets  
of any city in the world, the best  
street car service, the most—"

"Oh, yes! But what have you that  
the other cities haven't got?"—Town  
Topics.

**No Amateurs.**  
Summer Hotel Doctor—I hope  
there will be no mistakes in admin-  
istering these medicines.  
Servant—Have no fear, doctor. I  
am a professional nurse, and madam  
is a professional invalid.—N. Y.  
Weekly.

**A Favored Exception.**  
The little busy bee goes forth  
in exultation just.  
He gathers sweets for all he's worth  
And fears no sugar trust.  
—Washington Star.

**DR. FENNER'S  
KIDNEY and  
Backache  
CURE**

All diseases of Kidneys,  
Bladder, Urinary Organs,  
Also Rheumatism, Back  
ache, Heart Disease, Gravel,  
Dropsy, Female Troubles.

Don't become discouraged. There is a  
cure for you. If necessary write Dr. Fenner.  
He has spent a life time curing just such  
cases as yours. All consultations free.

"A gravel lodged in my bladder. After  
using a few bottles of Dr. Fenner's Kidney  
and Backache Cure I passed a gravel half as  
large as a marble. The medicine prevented  
further formations. I was cured."  
W. T. OAKES, Orris, Va.  
Druggists, 5c., 10c. Ask for Cook Book—Free.  
ST. VITUS' DANCE CURE, Circular, Dr.  
Fenner, Fredonia, N. Y.

**SELECTION OF COWS.**

Prof. F. S. Cooley Points Out Three  
Phases That Must Be Care-  
fully Considered.

There are three phases to be con-  
sidered in this choosing a cow, said  
Prof. F. S. Cooley at a recent in-  
stitute at the Massachusetts agri-  
cultural college. First, I would se-  
lect the cow as an individual, with-  
out reference to antecedents and re-  
cords. The most important indication  
of a good cow is her udder. No cow  
can make much milk without a cap-  
acious udder. This is not measured  
so much by its vertical diameter as  
by its length as measured by the at-  
tachment to the body. It should ex-  
tend well forward and far back or up-  
ward between the legs, and should  
be wide at the same time, but not  
necessarily pendulous. The next point  
to be considered is the barrel. The  
cow must have a big body, which is  
her workshop or laboratory.

Those features that indicate a good  
breeder or mother should come next.  
She should be wide through the  
hips and large and roomy in the  
hind quarters. The fourth point to  
be considered is the forequarters,  
and here she should be rather thin  
and sharp, of spare flesh, loosely put  
together, with thin a little sharp.  
The neck should be sharp, and rather  
loosely put on the shoulders, and  
the head long. Lastly should come  
the superficial points, such as good  
milk veins, escutcheon, fine hair and  
loose skin. The udder, barrel, pelvic  
region, fore quarters and superficial  
points should be considered in this  
order, but most buyers begin with  
the last, and seldom get as far as  
the udder.

The second phase of the selection  
has to do with the pedigree. A ped-  
igree of the right sort should be a  
record of ancestry that includes ani-  
mals of superior merit close up. The  
mother of the cow should be a super-  
ior animal, and of the type which  
you wish to perpetuate. The moth-  
er of the cow's sire should be the  
same. If they are mediocre, you

have a poor pedigree to start with.  
The farther back you can go with  
good animals, the better the ped-  
igree. The next point is uniformity  
and similarity of animals on both  
sides.

In the selection of a herd, the third  
phase is to choose a few each year  
from among those cows you have,  
and weed them out, selecting a few  
from outside superior to those you  
propose to let go. To make selec-  
tions in your own herd, it is neces-  
sary to keep a daily record and to  
make frequent tests of the milk. Dis-  
pose of those not making a satis-  
factory profit. At the Connecticut  
experiment station it costs about \$49  
a year to keep a cow, here about  
\$60. In order to pay for this feed,  
a cow must be capable of making  
300 pounds of butter per year. The  
average of the herd ought to be 350  
pounds, and 400 pounds is possible  
with care and selection. Too many  
farmers don't know which cows are  
making a profit and which a loss.

**TUBERCULAR BACILLI.**

**Martyr to Inoculation Theory Proves  
That They Can Be Transmitted  
from Cows to Men.**

The announcement made by Dr.  
Koch, the famous German bacteriol-  
ogist, at the London tuberculosis  
congress that human beings could  
not be inoculated with tubercular  
bacilli from animals was naturally  
received with much incredulity by  
physicians in all parts of the world.  
It was well known at the time that  
Prof. Koch's conclusions were based  
upon experiments upon the lower  
animals, which appeared to indicate  
that animals could not contract con-  
sumption from human beings. With-  
out having made any experiments  
upon human beings at the time he  
boldly concluded that the reverse of  
the proposition was also true—that  
human beings could not contract  
tuberculosis from animals.

To prove the truthfulness or falsity  
of this deduction it was manifestly  
necessary to inoculate a human be-  
ing with the tubercular bacilli from  
a lower animal. To test the theory  
of Dr. Koch a young woman of  
Brooklyn less than a year ago sub-  
mitted to inoculation with bovine  
bacilli of consumption by a well-  
known physician of that city, who  
not only desired to prove the incor-  
rectness of Dr. Koch's contention but  
to demonstrate that consumption in  
its earlier stages could be cured by  
inhalation of a medicated air. The  
woman soon developed all the symp-  
toms of genuine tuberculosis, and  
never enjoyed good health at any  
time after being inoculated. She  
finally died, a martyr to the Koch  
theory of inoculation, although her  
death by no means demonstrated the  
incurability of consumption.

The result of the experiment, with-  
out any reference to its ethical as-  
pects, is important and must have a  
far-reaching influence upon state and  
municipal authorities in their efforts  
to prevent the sale of milk or meat  
from cows affected with tuberculosis.  
—Chicago Record-Herald.

**Eureka Harness Oil**

A good harness  
oil will save you  
many dollars in the  
cost of a com-  
mon oil.

It not only makes the harness and  
the horse look better, but makes the  
leather soft and pliable, puts it in con-  
dition to last twice as long  
as it ordinarily would.  
Said everywhere in case-  
ment.

STANDARD  
OIL CO.

**Give  
Your  
Horse a  
Chance!**

**WORTH TAKING.**

Did you get any tips on the  
this year?  
Yes, I got one from the boys  
morning.  
What was it?  
He said he'd fire me if he  
heard that I played them.—  
American.

**Permanent.**  
This strange, eternal, cruel fact  
Will stick when all of us are still.  
There's always one fly left in the  
No matter how many you kill.  
—Judge.

**Good Reason.**  
Wife—Well, the cook has gone,  
it's your fault.  
Husband—Mine! Why?  
"She said you didn't treat her  
better than you treated me."—  
Sun.

**It Will Shrink.**  
Customer—But this suit is  
times too big.  
Eichenstein—Oh, but mine is  
just wait 'til it rains.—Office  
Journal.

**His Sphere.**  
Politician—There was some  
agreement among the powers.  
—Familiar—Are you referring  
wife, mother-in-law and  
Judge.

All work and no play makes  
a dull boy, and so, to avoid the  
dreds of urbanites are packing  
trunks and hastening to the  
woods. To give the mind and  
rest and refreshment means  
strength for the daily duties the  
ance of the year. Every one  
take a vacation, even if only  
short time, for a machine cannot  
constantly without great wear.  
practice of taking a vacation is  
known in the country, yet the  
no reason why the farmer should  
have a rest as well as other  
It is true that he breathes  
air than his city brother, but,  
theless, it would do him equal  
much good to have a change of  
envirments.

**GOOD TYPE OF YEARLING.**



have a poor pedigree to start with.  
The farther back you can go with  
good animals, the better the ped-  
igree. The next point is uniformity  
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sides.

**NOT  
"ROGERS"  
ONLY—BUT  
"1847  
Rogers Bros."**

is the Trade Mark  
that appears on the old original  
brand of

**Knives, Forks  
and Spoons.**

There are many imitations  
of "1847" in identifying mark  
of the genuine, which are sold  
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the makers for book  
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SILVER CO.  
Meriden, Conn.  
"Silver Plate  
that Works."

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PROCESSED AND  
EASY TERMS  
FREE PATENT  
MECHANICAL  
ENCYCLOPEDIA**

NO INVENTOR SHOULD BE WITHOUT  
THIS BOOK. GET IT NOW, BEFORE  
IT IS TOO LATE.  
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**Eureka Harness Oil**

A good harness  
oil will save you  
many dollars in the  
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Wife—Well, the cook has gone,  
it's your fault.  
Husband—Mine! Why?  
"She said you didn't treat her  
better than you treated me."—  
Sun.

**It Will Shrink.**  
Customer—But this suit is  
times too big.  
Eichenstein—Oh, but mine is  
just wait 'til it rains.—Office  
Journal.

**His Sphere.**  
Politician—There was some  
agreement among the powers.  
—Familiar—Are you referring  
wife, mother-in-law and  
Judge.

All work and no play makes  
a dull boy, and so, to avoid the  
dreds of urbanites are packing  
trunks and hastening to the  
woods. To give the mind and  
rest and refreshment means  
strength for the daily duties the  
ance of the year. Every one  
take a vacation, even if only  
short time, for a machine cannot  
constantly without great wear.  
practice of taking a vacation is  
known in the country, yet the  
no reason why the farmer should  
have a rest as well as other  
It is true that he breathes  
air than his city brother, but,  
theless, it would do him equal  
much good to have a change of  
envirments.